

University of Wollongong

Research Online

Faculty of Law, Humanities and the Arts -
Papers

Faculty of Arts, Social Sciences & Humanities

2009

Eight poems

Dan Huang

University of Wollongong, dh947@uowmail.edu.au

Yu Ouyang

University of Wollongong, youyang@bigpond.com

Follow this and additional works at: <https://ro.uow.edu.au/lhapapers>



Part of the [Arts and Humanities Commons](#), and the [Law Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Huang, Dan and Ouyang, Yu, "Eight poems" (2009). *Faculty of Law, Humanities and the Arts - Papers*. 1450.

<https://ro.uow.edu.au/lhapapers/1450>

Research Online is the open access institutional repository for the University of Wollongong. For further information contact the UOW Library: research-pubs@uow.edu.au

Eight poems

Abstract

Eight poems by Ouyang Yu

Keywords

eight, poems

Disciplines

Arts and Humanities | Law

Publication Details

Huang, D. & Ouyang, Y. 2009, 'Eight poems', Janus Head, vol. 11, no. 1, pp. 119-126.

Ouyang Yu

Translated by Huang Dan and Ouyang Yu

DON'T SAY

How lonely you are
There are so many trees around you
Standing so apart
That they never communicate with each other in the dark

When you walked home late at night
Someone shoveled up the embers from the fire pan
You had a feeling
That *that* was life

Just as you entered the door
Your shadow made a noise
You looked back and saw that it was the homeless dog
It was then that you thought, of writing this poem

SINKING INTO DARKNESS

I can tell you
That I may not be long in this world
But I am laughing
So are you

I can tell you
That I may not be long in this world
But what does it matter if
I can finish writing this poem as I am driving home

I can tell you
That I may not be long in this world
I won't know what happens after
Only you do

I can tell you
That I may not be long in this world
And that my darkness falls before you
For which you should feel happy

I can tell you
That I may not be long in this world
And that this hand that holds the mouse
Will soon become hollow, reduced to the bones

I can tell you
That I may not be long in this world
Leaving as swiftly as the cancer cells
Soon to be larger than darkness, smaller than it, than nothingness

SUNDAY, AUGUST 22nd, 2004

At 4.09, Sunday afternoon, August 22nd, 2004

It was raining heavily outside

The rain was heard inside the house

Ouyang Yu was typing

Writing this poem

The bell rang for the oven in the kitchen

The sound of Olympic Games filled the living room

Ouyang Yu had been translating at home all day

The sky turned grey, it turned yellow

The light was on in the house

When Ouyang Yu finished writing the poem

It was 4.12, Sunday afternoon, August 22nd, 2004

FLYING CLOSE TO THE EARTH

As a writer
you are no nobler or humbler
than anyone

You fly close to the earth at night
eyes unbedazzled
by the world of desires

You talk with those who don't read
about things that have nothing to do with reading
you fly close to the water

You see every lonely heart mo
ving you see the falling age
sinking into boredom at a faster pace

The good virus that kills better than SARS
every patient better dressed than at any other time
you fly close to the skin

Listening to the dead soul dying again under the skin
for a writing man
being forgotten is your posthumous royal title

THE LIGHTS

I switched on all the lights
In this not-too-large room
I switched on all the lights
Two lamps on the head of the bed
One lamp on either side of the mirror on the opposite wall
One lamp standing in a corner
These tube-like milky-coloured lamps
And an incandescent lamp by the bedside
I switched them all on
They didn't know why I
Switched them all on
In this transient 4.5-star room
The night fell fast

WINTER

Everyday with me the fly suns himself
On the window-sill of this room

Long dead he is
But I am still living

IT'S GOING TO SNOW

The typing fingers have invaded the coldness before snowing
Snow still, snow still
A poem across the sky
Admired, un-admired, covering all depths and shallowness
No possibility of misreading
Entering poetry, entering the world
Lower than earth
Earlier than falling

RAVINGS

Kill me

Include me in no anthologies

Forget me

Consider me as a non-human being, a non-poet

Mention me not on your lips

Use no good words on me that you use on others

Reject me from history again and again

Purge me thoroughly from the stomach and the intestines

I wake up from reality

It is poetry raving